A

Tribute to Liberty:

OR, A

COLLECTION

OF

SELECT SONGS:

Together with a Collection of Toasts and Sentiments.

Sacred to the

RIGHTS

OF

MAN.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE PUBLIC,

ALIAS

THE "SWINISH MULTITUDE."

O YE factious, seditious and discontented crew! will you never believe that you are *happy*, when no more than a *bare belief* is requisite to make you so?—Infatuated mortals! are you determined, like Lovegold, to "*feel, feel, feel,* and *touch, touch, touch,*" before you will allow your happiness to be real? Dreadful obstinacy! how unacquainted are you with the wonder-working powers of *imagination!*—Can you not believe that your hunger and thirst, are gratified, unless you *eat* and *drink?* Can you not believe that you are cloathed and warm, unless you are *covered* from the inclemency of the season?—O, what political

unbelief is this!—To what then muſt your wiſe legiſlators have recourſe? they have bawled to you till their lungs are jaded; they have written to you till words are exhauſted, and ye ſtill obſtinately continue to be *unhappy*. What! will you not believe the Prime Miniſter, the *Privy*-Council, and all the Biſhops! the Judges, Counſellors, and Lawyers! the Borough-mongers, the Placemen, and all the Penſioners! the Dukes, the Earls, the Marquiſſes, the Barons, the Knights; the Lords in Waiting—of the Bed-chamber—of the Stole—and, of the Golden Stick! the Commanders by Sea and Land; the Commiſſioners and Officers of all the great HOUSES! the Magiſtrates and Juſtices, the Lord-Mayor of London, the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and Mrs. Jordan! the Duke of Brunſwick, the Duke of Richmond, and all the Veſtrymen and Pariſh Officers!!—Deluded multitude! here is a collection of the *happieſt* creatures in the world, united together to perſuade you that you are extremely *happy*, and yet you give no credit to what they may either *ſay* or *ſwear!* O ſhocking ſtupidity! they will then cure you of your Malady, by a different proceſs; the tower ſhall be furniſhed with ſolid argument, a Military Syſtem of Animal Magnetiſm ſhall be adopted—you ſhall be thrown into a *Criſis*, and kept there till you confeſs you are exceedingly *happy!*—Think, beſotted creatures! how much money is now expending to perſuade you that you are happy! on *Fortifications*, on *Proclamations*, on *Newſpapers*, at *Taverns* and *Committees*, as much as

would liberate all the Insolvent Debtors in the four counties! Think, think, I say, and be persuaded you *are happy*, for you must pay all the Reckoning!

Again, how will you be able to resist the irrefutable logic of *Musquetry* and *Artillery!* or, how will you be able to deny you are HAPPY, when the *sword* is pointed to your breast? recollect how successfully Mahomet argued this way; and believe you are happy in *this* world, lest they silence your murmurs by sending you into the *other*, to search for happiness! But, alas! you are a banditti of incorrigible Heretics; I know you will not *believe* you are *happy*, although the Holiest Man of Canterbury were to declare it to you on his marrow-bones!

But let me, for a few moments, direct your attention to the great source of all your happiness; to the most *glorious* and *happy Constitution!* Take a view of each well-constructed system in each department of government; and you may be astonished at the scene thrown open before you! The whole is a Paradise of Delights!

Look into the STATE!—'Tis true it has its *corruptions* and *defects*, as *poor Edmund* says, and you must peep at them with *due caution*—But, see your *Liberties* defended, your property protected, by men of the most *unsullied virtue*. The great Treasury of the Nation, which is accumulated from *your hard labour* and industry, is entrusted to *Integrity* itself; and distributed with the most *scrupulous exactness*, on the pure principles of the

RIGHTS OF MAN. The moſt favourite *Penſioner* cannot finger a guinea till he has *earnt it*; nor has the moſt exalted man in office a *ſhilling more* than his *merit* entitles him to. In time of war you pay double taxes, and is it not neceſſary the expences of war ſhould be defrayed?—In time of peace you alſo pay double taxes, to *defray the expence of peace*. Ye ſenſeleſs ideots! theſe, and ſuch like things, *conſtitute* the chief *glory* of the STATE!!

Look again into the law; the ſcene ſtill brightens before you!—ENGLISHMEN! you have the *cheapeſt market for Juſtice* in the whole univerſe! how happily adjuſted are the laws between *debtor* and *creditor!* no unneceſſary *delay* attends the action; no *anxiety* of mind between the contending parties: no *neglect* of buſineſs; no *extravagant* expences; O! what a glorious purchaſe of *parchment* and *ſtamps* do you make here! with what *compoſure* do you look forward from *term* to *term!* In the hands of *mercy* and *juſtice*, what can you fear! nothing in the final deciſion of the court to ruffle your ſpirits, or break the repoſe of your family! like fat oyſters ye are *gently* opened and ſeparated, that the *happy ſtuff* which lyes between, may be applied to enrich the *glorious Conſtitution*.

And now take a view of the Church! and ſee the angelical life of the holy Prieſthood; here is Paradiſe regained!—by divine permiſſion, here is Heaven itſelf let down upon earth! an aſſemblage of all the *graces* and *virtues* which dignify and

adorn human nature—how equally proportioned is the hire to the labourer! no lazy Biſhops, no ſinecure places, no diſſipated Prieſts, no *ſtarving Curates*—O no! no!—Juſtice, temperance, truth, and brotherly love, animate and pervade the whole: here is a *ſcourge* for the wickedneſs of men in high life, and *conſolation* for the miſeries of the poor—here is religion taught by the *beſt maſters* with able aſſiſtants, on the moſt *reaſonable terms!* a little entrance money only is required; marrying, chriſtening, confirming, viſiting, and burying, almoſt for an old ſong; and tythes exactly according to circumſtances!—Thrice *happy* and *glorious Conſtitution!!!* we are loſt in the contemplation of thy *manifold* bleſſings.

Hear then, ye "SWINISH MULTITUDE!" the Stateſmen at Whitehall, the Judges on the Bench—all the Pariſh officers in the Nation, their Dependents and Expectants, proclaim aloud that ye are HAPPY! And who ſo competent to judge of your *happineſs!* Beware of that fatal error of judging for yourſelves. What! think for yourſelves! O let me intreat, nay, let me inſiſt upon it, that you never think of *thinking for yourſelves*; for the more you *think*, the more you will differ from theſe *wiſe and happy* men in your way of thinking: think alſo how many *mild, happy and glorious Conſtitutions* have been ruined by men *thinking for themſelves!* Let your betters, therefore, think for you; becauſe it ſtands to reaſon they muſt think *beſt*; and if the phantom ſhould again ſeize your brain; and tempt you to conceive

you are not *happy*, you muſt petition the *happy Conſtitution* to furniſh you with ſome *patent engines*, *pullies* and *ſcrews*, whereby you may at any time wind up your imagination to their pitch, dance to their muſic, and be as happy as themſelves.

Crede quod habes, et habet,

ſaid Eraſmus; with this word of advice I take my leave; without flattering you, courting your patronage, or ſaying a ſingle word about the merit of the Songs.

R. Thompson.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS,

ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

THOMAS PAINE!!!
THE RIGHTS OF MAN!!!
THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN!!!
THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE!!!
The glorious Revolution of America and France.
May all the invaders of Freeman's Rights *dine* with the wooden horſe of Thionville,
John Horne Tooke, and may the Repreſentation of this country ſoon conſiſt of ſuch patriotic characters.
May no foe to Liberty wear a red coat, or be entruſted with arms.
May the Tree of Liberty flouriſh in every region of the Globe, and every human being partake of its fruit.
May the Rights of Conſcience be univerſally ſupported by Common Senſe, and may its enemies be led captive by the Proclamations of PAINE.

May People no longer confide in apoſtacy or lukewarmneſs, but rely on their own exertions for a Parliamentary Reform.

May all Governments be thoſe of the Laws, and all Laws thoſe of the People.

May the armies of all Tyrants learn the Brunſwick march.

May Revolutions never ceaſe while Tyranny exiſts.

That Government which prefers armed Citizens to armed Slaves.

Perpetual union between Great-Britain, Ireland, France and America.

The Liberty of the Preſs for which the people are indebted for all Revolutions.

The cauſe for which Hampden bled in the field, and Sydney on the Scaffold.

May the exertions of the people during the reigns of John, Charles, and James, never be forgotten by their deſcendants.

A ſpeedy abolition of the Slave Trade, and Game Laws.

Thoſe writers who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the cauſe of Freedom.

The rights of Juries, and may they ever exerciſe their authority in favour of Liberty.

The new way of advertiſing good books by proclamation.

The Societies of Great Britain aſſociated in the cauſe of Liberty.

To the memory of all thoſe Characters who have eſpouſed the cauſe of the People.

The female patriots of Great Britain.

The ſupporters of Liberty in all parts of the world.

Addition to our friends—Subſtraction to our foes—Multiplication to our rights—and Diviſion to the enemies of Freedom.

The man who dares be honeſt in the worſt of times.

May an *Honeſt Labourer* be more reſpected than a *Swindling Prince*.

Prieſthood without Prieſtcraft—Religion without Bigotry—Piety without Superſtition—and Patriotiſm without Party.

FREEDOM to the WHOLE WORLD!!!

A

TRIBUTE, &c.

A NEW SONG,

To an old tune, viz. "*God ſave the king.*"

GOD ſave——"THE RIGHTS OF MAN!"
Give him a heart to ſcan
Bleſſings ſo dear!
Let them be ſpread around,
Wherever Man is found,
And with the welcome ſound
Raviſh his ear!

See, from the univerſe,
Darkneſs and clouds diſperſe;
Mankind awake!
Reaſon and Truth appear,
Freedom advances near,
Monarchs with terror hear---
See how they quake!

Sore have we felt the ſtroke;
Long have we bore the yoke;
Sluggiſh and tame:

But now the Lion roars,
And a loud note he pours:
Spreading to diſtant ſhores,
LIBERTY's flame!

Let us with FRANCE agree,
And bid THE WORLD BE FREE,—
Leading the way.
Let Tyrants all conſpire;
Fearleſs of ſword and fire,
FREEDOM ſhall ne'er retire,
FREEDOM ſhall ſway!

Godlike, and great the ſtrife,
Life will indeed be life,
When we prevail:
Death, in ſo juſt a cauſe,
Crowns us with loud applauſe,
And from tyrannic laws,
Bids us....ALL HAIL!

O'er the Germanic pow'rs,
Big indignation low'rs,
Ready to fall! *
Let the rude ſavage hoſt,
In their long numbers boaſt,
FREEDOM's almighty truſt,
Laughs at them all.

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* *This ſong was compoſed before the Duke of Brunſwick run away.*

FAME! *Let thy Trumpet ſound!*
Tell all the World around!
Tell each degree!
Tell Ribbands, Crowns, and Stars,
Kings, Traitors, Troops, and Wars,
Plans, Councils, Plots, and Jars,
FRENCHMEN are FREE!

God ſave—"THE RIGHTS OF MAN!"
Give him a heart to ſcan
Bleſſings ſo dear!
Let them be ſpread around,
Wherever Man is found,
And with the welcome ſound
Raviſh his ear!

SONG.

BURKE's ADDRESS

TO

"THE SWINISH MULTITUDE!"

Tune "*Derry down, down,* &c.

YE vile SWINISH herd, in the ſty of taxation,
What would you be after—diſturbing the nation?
Give over your grunting—Be off—To your ſty!
Nor dare to look out, if a king paſſes by:
Get ye down! down!—down! keep ye down!

Do you know what a king is? By *Patrick* I'll
tell you;
He has power in his pocket, to buy you and ſell
you;
To make you all ſoldiers, or keep you at work;
To hang you, and cure you for ham or ſalt pork!
Get ye down! &c.

Do you think that a KING is no more than a man?
Ye bruiſh, ye ſwiniſh, irrational clan;
I ſwear by his office, his right is divine,
To flog you, and feed you, and treat you like ſwine!
Get ye down! &c.

To be ſure, I have ſaid—but I ſpoke it abrupt—
That "the ſtate is *defective*, and alſo *corrupt*;"
Yet, remember I told you with caution to peep,
For *ſwine* at a diſtance we prudently keep.
Get ye down! &c.

Now the *church* and the *ſtate*, to keep each other
warm,
Are *married* together. And where is the harm?
How healthy and wealthy are huſband and wife!
But *ſwine* are excluded the conjngal life——
Get ye down! &c.

The *ſtate*, it is true, has grown fat upon SWINE,
And *church's* weak ſtomach on TYTHE-PIG can
dine;
But neither, you know, as they *roaſt* at the fire,
Have a right to find fault with the *cooks*, or enquire.
Get ye down! &c.

" What uſe do we make of your money?"—you ſay;
Why, the firſt law of Nature:—*We take our own pay*—
And next on our friends a few *penſions* beſtow—
And to you we apply when our *treaſure* runs low.
Get ye down! &c.

Conſider our *boroughs*, ye grumbling SWINE!
At corruption and taxes, they never repine!
If we only *proclaim*, " YE ARE HAPPY?—
They ſay,
" *We* ARE *happy!*"—Believe, and be *happy* as they. Get ye down, &c.

What know ye of COMMONS, of KINGS, or of LORDS,
But what the dim *light* of TAXATION affords?
Be contented with that—and no more of your rout;
Or a new *proclamation* ſhall muzzle your ſnout.
Get ye down, &c.

And now for the *SUN*—or the *LIGHT* OF THE DAY;
" IT doth not belong to a PIT," you will ſay.
I tell you be ſilent, and huſh all your jars;
Or he'll charge you a *farthing* a-piece for the ſtars.
Get ye down, &c.

Here's MYSELF, and *his darkneſs*, and *Harry Dund-aſs*;
Scotch, *Engliſh*, and *Iriſh*, with fronts made of braſs
A cord plaited three-fold will ſtand a good pull,
Againſt SAWNEY, and PATRICK, and old *Johnny Bull!!!* Get ye down, &c.

To conclude, then, no more about MAN and his RIGHTS,
TOM PAINE, and a rabble of *Liberty lights*;
That you are but our "SWINE," if ye ever forget,
We'll throw you alive to the HORRIBLE PIT.
Get ye down, down—down, keep ye down.

SONG.

[PART SECOND.]

THE "SWINISH MULTITUDE's" REPLY TO BURKE'S ADDRESS.

APOSTATE! give over your eloquence, pray!
No more on the subject of Monarchy say:
Exalted in office, and fed by the Swine—
If we should desert you, you'll catch a decline.
Tumble down! down! down—come ye down?

But we cannot well brook to be called the swine,
Let *man have his rights*, and the *epithet*'s thine;
Apostate thou art—and allur'd by the *hire*,
Return'd like the *sow* that was washed—*to the mire*.
Tumble down, &c.

Our thanks we return—you may think it a joke,
For the blessed enquiry your writings provoke;
We thank you for thwarting your own bad design;
The bacon and pork are restor'd to the swine.
Tumble down, &c.

No longer like aſſes we tamely ſubmit,
And tremble like fiends at the *mouth* of a *Pit*:
You are but our ſervants, our delegate *powers*,
If we ſpeak but the word, you muſt fade—and like
flow'rs Tumble down, &c.

Too long, it is true, we reſembled the ſwine,
And ſtood in the market all paſſive as kine,
But no longer the grunting of ſwine ſhall ye hear,
The voice of the *Lion* now pierces your ear.
Tumble down, &c.

Apoſtate beware! and with caution advance,
The ground you are treading is fertile as France;
If you once overheat and inflame the *Old Bull*,
He'll toſs the rich dogs from their ſoft *packs of*
wool. Tumble down, &c.

No longer, *oppreſſor*, inſult the oppreſt;
Our grievances *may* and they *ſhall* be redreſt;
In the fable your picture—behold in that glaſs
"The LION was rous'd by the heel of an aſs."
Tumble down, &c.

If the *beſt* Conſtitution that ever was known;
And the beſt of all monarchs is now on the throne;
If his peers, and his ſtateſmen and laws, are the beſt,
They can be no worſe—to *be* brought to the *teſt*.
Tumble down, &c.

No longer, thou *ſophiſt*, attempt to deceive,
To plunder, and blind us, and laugh in your ſleeve;
Apoſtate, thy payment, for *pimping*—depends
On thoſe you're inſulting—and with them it ends.
Tumble down, &c.

The faults of the people you freely make known,
Whilſt a mantle of charity covers the throne;
But in France 'tis a doctrine the people know well,
That kings are as apt, as the mob, to rebel—
And come down, &c.

Proclamations we dread not—but rather deſire,
They ſay to the ſleepers—"Ariſe and Enquire."
For the good of the nation no more do we ſeek,
Than a *new proclamation* at leaſt once a-week.
Tumble down, &c.

The pow'r of enquiry no deſpot can bind,
For millions already have freedom of mind:
Let *Reaſon* be heard, and let *Reaſon* go round,
And ſoon on the globe not a tyrant is found.
Tumbled down, down—down, tumbled down!

SONG.

SCOTCH NICK;

Or, OLD HARRY's PLAIN CONFESSION.

Tune, "*Vauxhall Watch.*"

FAREWELL to Scotland's barren ground;
A better country I have found,
Where wealthy cuſtomers abound,
For "Wha wants me?"

Was ever ſuch a lucky Scot:
So ſnug a birth—So rich a lot:
I'll ſell the good things I have got,
Crying "Wha wants me?"

No guilty thoughts diſturb my mind,
I left my conſcience ſafe behind:
And all my happineſs I find
In "Wha wants me?"

You envious Scotchmen all, behold:
You ſay I have my country ſold;
Then ſee what heaps of ſhining gold,
For "Wha wants me?"

The Teſt Act might have been repeal'd,
And all your wide diviſions heal'd,
Had you but PROPERLY appeal'd
To "Wha wants me?"

To any meaſure I'll agree,
Let Tyrants rule, or men be free;
Let this my happy freedom be,
Crying, "Wha wants me?"

If Paine were choſe to rule the land,
And he ſhould take me by the hand;
I would ſubmit to HIS command,
Crying, "Wha wants me?"

Then once for all, I let you know,
Let kings or people rule below;
If I'm in office round I'll go,
Crying "Wha wants me?"

SONG.

Tune, "*Sweet Willy O!*"

THE pride of the nation is Sweet Willy O!
The pride of the nation is Sweet Willy O!
The people around
His virtues reſound,
So great is the fame of the Sweet Willy O!

He would be a ſtateſman, the DEEP Billy O!
He would be a ſtateſman, the DEEP Billy O!
From our low abyſs
To raiſe us to bliſs,
Was all the ambition of Sweet Willy O!

The king is delighted with Sweet Willy O!
The king is delighted with Sweet Willy O!
His WISHES to crown
He taxes us down,
G. R. is before us where-ever we go!

The POOR are enraptur'd with DEAR Billy O!
The POOR are enraptur'd with DEAR Billy O!
If taxes are high,
And burthen'd they cry,
They find their RELIEF in the PIT—Billy O!

How free are the ſtars! O the kind Billy O!
Yet how tempting the ſight to a Pit—Billy O!
Tho' great the amount,
He takes no account,
Becauſe computation would puzzle him ſo!

The SUN is ſhut up in the PIT—Billy O!!!
The RULER OF DAY IN A PIT—Billy O!!!
To buy LIGHT and AIR,
To the PIT we repair,
Our bleſſings are all in the PIT—Willy O!

Long life, light, and health to the Sweet Billy O!
Thy foes let a darkneſs ſurround, Billy O!
How ſhould we get bread,
If Willy was dead.
Taxation would fall in thy Pit—Billy O!

To ſee him interr'd in the Pit—Willy O!
To ſee him interr'd in the Pit—Willy O!
How would our thoughts run
Upon the FREE SUN.
When darkneſs encloſes the PIT BILLY O!

The ſtaircaſe as dark as the PIT—Willy O!
Where ſcarce the right ſtep we can hit, Billy O!
Once more the broad day
Would clearly diſplay,
And chaſe thy BLACK RELIC away, Billy O!

An end to our darkneſs and Pit—Billy O!
Our ſun will ariſe when you ſet, Billy O!
The houſes long BLIND
Their EYES would ſoon find,
And ſhed a SWEET tear on thy Pit, BILLY O!

SONG.

FRENCH LIBERTY.

Tune, "*In the Garb of Old Gaul.*"

WHEN first the Great Senate of Frenchmen agreed
From Corruption and Bondage—to die or be freed:
By troops all surrounded—defenceless—unarm'd,
Compos'd and collected, they sat unalarmed!

CHORUS.

Such was their love of Liberty—their ardour to be free,
And with the Gallic Heroes let surrounding powr's agree,
The tidings roll
From pole to pole,
Till Freedom crowns the day;
And round the globe to all the race
Her banners display—

Undaunted and firm as the Consuls of Rome,
Unappall'd in their Councils—before them their doom—
"We'll die or be free!—to the People they cry.
"We'll die or be free!"—Hark the People reply.
Such was their love of Liberty, &c.

Majestic they rose in a warlike array,
And drove from their stations the tyrants away;
The HEADS of the nation, confounded to see—
Surrender'd, and glad to surrender or flee.
Such was their love of Liberty, &c.

In vain all the Crowns 'gainſt the people combine,
The whole human race are now forming the line,
While Frenchmen the firſt lead the way,
And call to the nations, around—"Come away!"
Such is their love of Liberty, &c.

In battle triumphant ſee Freedom appear!
Over heaps of the dead—ruſhing on with the ſpear!
Inſpir'd with ambition a country to ſave,
And give the invaders a part for their grave.
Such is their love of Liberty, &c.

Exulting the news! let the trumpet of Fame,
Aloud to the Slave, and the Deſpot proclaim;
They boaſted to ſlaughter, to waſte, and reduce;
But ſoon GALLIC POWER made them ſue for a truce.
Such was their love of Liberty, &c.

Unſhaken and firm—let the Deſpots unite,
Let Stateſmen and Placemen get hirelings to write,
While armies from conqueſt to conqueſt purſue,
THE CAUSE OF THE PEOPLE ſhall flouriſh anew!
Such is their love of Liberty, &c.

Great Heroes of Freedom, when ages are gone,
When Kings are forgotten, and Tyrants unknown,
Your fame ſhall be echo'd from ſhore unto ſhore,
Till Nations, and People, and Time are no more!

CHORUS.

Such is our love of Liberty—our ardour to be free,
And with the Gallic Heroes let ſurrounding pow'rs agree;
The tidings roll
From pole to pole,
Till Freedom crowns the day;
And round the Globe, to all the race
Her banners diſplay!—

SONG.

BURKE's LAMENTATION

FOR THE

LOST AGE OF CHIVALRY.

THE KEY.

" SURELY (he ſays, ſpeaking of the *laſt Queen*
" *of France*) never LIGHTED ON THIS ORB,
" which ſhe hardly ſeemed to TOUCH, a more
" delightful VISION! I ſaw her, *juſt above*
" *the horizon*, decorating and chearing the
" elevated ſphere ſhe juſt began to move in—
" glittering like the MORNING STAR! full of
" life and ſplendour, and joy. I thought ten
" thouſand ſwords muſt have leaped from their
" ſcabbards

" ſcabbards to avenge *(What?)* even a LOOK
" that threatened her with inſult!!!—But the
" Age of Chivalry is gone!—The GLORY of
" Europe is extinguiſhed for ever!!!"—Burke
" on the French Revolution, page 112.

URELY, Reader, if you poſſeſs but one grain of common ſenſe, you will ſay, that either this paſſage is not quoted from BURKE's celebrated Defence of Royalty, or, that the author took leave of his ſenſes when he wrote it.—I have looked into his book three times, that I might not miſtake, and I am willing to make affidavit before our ſovereign lord the king, that you may find it in page 112.

PLAINTIVE.

I SAW, but O, I ſurely dream'd!
A viſion drop from heaven (it ſeem'd);
The world a brighter luſtre wore,
Than ever Man beheld before.

Philoſophers could not declare
Which power did moſt attraction ſhare;
If to the viſion, earth aroſe,
Or ſhe deſcended—no one knows.

I ſaw the angle ſkip around,
Her heavenly feet ſcarce touch'd the ground;
She lighted on a ſplendid throne,
The glory then of Europe ſhone!

Ten thouſand Dons and Cavaliers
Around her ſtood with ſwords and ſpears,
To be her ſlaves was all they ſought,
This was "the grace of life unbought."

Methought—O! how my brains muſt reel!
Ten thouſands ſwords of magic ſteel,
Would leap their ſcabbards to chaſtiſe
Thoſe, who had not elaſtic eyes!

But, O! how Time's revolving glaſs
Brings unexpected things to paſs!
The Queen is driven from her throne,
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Where are the Quixotes now, and where
The Sanchos, to defend the fair?—
The Dulcinea's left to moan,
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Fly, Quixote, thro' the air, like wind,
And Sancho, too, get up behind!
Alas! no Sancho here, nor Don,
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

O peerleſs Queen! thou art bereft
Of all thy friends, and with me left;
With WOEFUL FACES thus we groan,
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Enchanters! O reſtore the knights,
That can ſo well aſſert her rights!

Alas! Enchanters are unknown!
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Ten thouſand ſwords, why do ye ſleep?
Your drowſy ſcabbards quickly leap;
The crew with inſult all look on;
The age of Chivalry is gone!

Come kingly butchers, then, advance,
And deſolate the plains of France;
Alas, ye move but ſlowly on!
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

Then bring my Roſinante, that I
My prowels in the field may try;
It would reward my toil and pain,
Could I reſtore the AGE again.

But ah!—No more—I will not go,
REASON appears my potent foe;
'Tis REASON keeps her from the throne,
The Age of Chivalry is gone!

SONG.

Tune, "*Ye Gods, ye gave to me a Wife.*"

OUR fathers left a race of Kings,
And we were glad to find them;
O how we lov'd the pretty things!
And laugh'd and ran behind them.

We laid our necks beneath their feet,
So humble and ſo lowly;
And they rode over as was meet,
Still pleas'd to ſee our folly.

But warmly now our hearts incline,
To rule the land without them;
The MOULDY PARCHMENTS we reſign,
And from the globe we'll rout 'em.

SONG.

Tune, "*Chevy Chace.*"

THEY proſper beſt who have no king,
To rob them and enthral;
Then let our acclamations ring,
At ev'ry tyrant's fall.

To drive the deſpots from their throne,
And ſtateſmen from their place;
A woeful fighting is begun,
Among the human race.

Now Edmund Burke, a rueful knight,
(Whoſe tender heart did ache,
To ſee the people gain their RIGHT)
A ſolemn vow did make,

That paper—pen—and eke ink-horn,
Should put them to the rout;
The child ſhall bleſs that is un-born,
The writings he ſent out.*

His thoughts with phraſe theatric clad,
Were ſtrong to melt the ear;
And metaphoric ſpeech he had
To make his ſubject clear.

With LOYALTY his boſom glow'd,
And as he lov'd the gold;
A little penſion was beſtow'd,
To make him fight more bold.

The rules of errantry he knew,
And did to France repair;
To bid his peerleſs Queen, adieu!
And thus addreſſed the fair:

"Delightful viſion! it is meet,
"Thy bleſſing ere I go!
"I'll ſoon return, and at thy feet,
"Lay all my conqueſts low!"

She ſmil'd—When turning quickly round,
He vaniſh'd from her ſight;
And like a hero took his ground,
All ready for the fight.——

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* *That is, for the Enquiry they have provoked.*

Theſe tidings came to Thomas Paine,
A man of courage bold;
Who could the "Rights of man" explain,
And king-craft too unfold.

With heart and head both ſound and clear,
The cauſe he undertook;
And now in battle both appear,
And Book appears to Book.

Loud vaunted Edmund in the field,
Like Quixote 'mongſt the ſheep;
Who thought with ſuch a ſword and ſhield
To end them at a ſweep!

The valour of Sir Knight was great,
For in his rear we find;
To cover, if he ſhould retreat,
Were but A FEW inclin'd.

While Paine, (the foe of kings) appears
Majeſtic on the plain;
The ſhout of ALL THE WORLD he hears,
And ſees them in his train!

With courage did the Knight advance,
Diſcerning not his foe;
He challeng'd all the Knights of France,
And aim'd a dreadful blow!

He gave them warning to retreat,
And wondered at their ſtay;
He little thought ſo ſoon to meet,
Obſtruction in his way!

A thouſand paces back he ran,
At ſight of warlike PAINE;
And ſoon were ſeen THE RIGHTS OF MAN,
Triumphant on the plain!

Baſe-born plebeian, ſaid the Knight;
As he retir'd with ſpeed,
It is not lawful we ſhould fight,
With men of vulgar breed—

So ſaying, and all out of breath,
Quick out of ſight he ſteals;
And thought each moment cruel death,
Would ſeize his heavy heels.

Theſe tidings came to George our king,
In Windſor where he lay——
What! what! what news! news! do ye bring,
Has Edmund loſt the day?

O heavy, heavy news, he ſaid?
England can witneſs be,
There's none can give a Monarch aid,
Of ſuch account as he.

The Courts in black may all be hung,
If they purſue the fight;
Our paſſing bell will ſoon be rung,
If men obtain their right.

The victory was ſoon PROCLAIM'D,
And eke the Monarch's dread;
Forbidding books all left UNNAM'D,
E'en to be ſold or read.

At which the PRESSES aiming well,
Full charg'd they all let fly;
Enough were found the books to sell,
Enough the books to buy.

And now the people all rejoice,
Such tidings heard they never;
They cry aloud with chearful voice,
THE RIGHTS of MAN FOR EVER!!!

SONG.

PAINE's WELCOME TO GREAT-BRITAIN.

Tune, "*He comes, he Comes.*"

HE comes—the GREAT REFORMER comes,
Ceaſe, ceaſe your trumpets, ceaſe, ceaſe your drums;
Thoſe warlike ſounds offend the ear,
PEACE and FRIENDSHIP now appear,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome, THOU REFORMER here.

Prepare, prepare, your ſongs prepare,
Freedom chears the brow of care;
The joyful tidings, ſpread around,
Monarchs tremble at the ſound!
Freedom, freedom, freedom, freedom,
RIGHTS OF MAN, and PAINE, reſound.

SONG.

Tune, "*Highland Laddie.*"

PROUD Monarchs rais'd to wear a crown,
Forget the POWER by which they hold it;
They tread the paſſive ſubject down,
And thirſt for vengeance when they're told it.

CHORUS.

But, no more with blind ſubmiſſion—
We'll read them o'er a new commiſſion;
The People's voice
Shall be their choice,
And tread beneath their feet—oppreſſion.

And men forget that kings of old,
Depending on their free election,
Durſt at their peril be ſo bold,
To rule but as they had direction.
But, no more, &c.

Or, if the king, a SOT betrays,
Or, if humane his diſpoſition;
Some miniſter aſſumes and ſways,
And robs to feed his own ambition.
But, no more, &c.

Thus kings and miniſters ſucceed,
In either ſtill the tyrant reigning;
They ſuck the poor, and as they feed,
Forbid the ſufferer's complaining.

CHORUS.

But, no more with blind ſubmiſſion—
We'll read them o'er a new commiſſion;
The people's voice
Shall be their choice,
And tread beneath our feet—oppreſſion.

SONG.

WHITEHALL ALARMED!

AND A COUNCIL CALLED!!!

Tune, "*Come let us prepare,*" &c.

COME let us prepare,
We ſtateſmen that are,
Aſſembl'd on this dread occaſion;
Let the engines of ſtate,
Before 'tis too late,
Repel the ſurrounding invaſion!

While people were fools,
We made them our tools,
Our VIRTUE was never ſuſpected;
But now they ariſe,
And open their eyes!
And all our deſigns are detected.

'Tis not the mere crew,
We have to ſubdue,
Nor armies nor fleets can aſſiſt us:
'Tis REASON alone,
Beſieges the throne,
And REASON is ſtrong to reſiſt us.

Nor can we by force,
Now alter the courſe,
ENQUIRY and REASON are taking;
By land and at ſea,
They cry, TO BE FREE!
The POWERS of the world are ſhaking.

How proudly in France,
Doth Reaſon advance,
All nations behold it with wonder;
The ſtate and the church
Are left in the LURCH,
And the partnerſhip broken aſunder.

Then while we deplore
Their traffic no more!

The prieſts and their ſhops all forſaken,
Leſt our holy ware,
A like fate ſhould ſhare,
Let ſpeedy precautions be taken.

The boroughs in vain
Endeavour'd to gain,
E'en thanks to the king for his kindneſs,
The people too wiſe,
Saw through the diſguiſe,
And call'd it *Corruption* and *Blindneſs*.

No thanks could be due,
The people well knew,
To be told they were HAPPY, if not ſo;
For quickly they found,
In CHAINS they were bound,
And alſo could ſee how they got ſo.

Then what now remains,
To lock them in chains,
And lead them on tamely in fetters,
How great is the loſs!
Its almoſt a toſs
Whether they'll ſubmit to their betters.

To darken the mind,
Let the Preſs be confin'd,
A LAW againſt reading and ſpeaking;
Such bondage might paſs,
Among the low claſs,
And let it be call'd their own ſeeking.

And next, to ſecure
Their LOYALTY ſure,
Let thinking be deemed *high-treaſon*;
For ſtill, after all,
Our ſyſtem muſt fall,
Unleſs we are LORDS of their REASON.

SONG.

FRANCE's LAMENTATION

On the approach of the Duke of BRUNSWICK.

Tune, "*Malbrouk.*"

BREAK out in lamentation,
O Frenchmen, for your nation,
A dreadful devaſtation,
Is now upon the road;
Alas, we may deplore,
Our *Freedom* ſoon no more!
The mighty combination,
Begins the deſolation,
A frightful declaration,
The DUKE has ſent abroad.

He'll from his preſence ſpurn us,
Or unto Louis turn us,
Or elſe he'll cut and burn us,

If we refuſe his ſway;
O how we quake with fear!
The duke approaches near!!!
He thunders and he flaſhes!
Our caſtles down he daſhes!
And lays our town in aſhes
As they obſtruct his way.

Now on full march to Paris,
O how report doth ſcare us
They ſay he will not ſpare us,
Nor age, nor ſex, nor ſize;
A foe ſo ſtrong, ſo nigh,
We cannot fight nor fly,
Alas we need not ſtrive—O!
We never can ſurvive—O!
They'll eat us up alive—O!
Or make us into pies.

Still nearer ſee him bearing
His very lodgings airing,
The cooks are all preparing,
The ſplendid kingly feaſts.
Lo, now they ſeize the glaſs,
"Vive le roi," they paſs!
The queen no more deploring—
The court again reſtoring—
The people running roaring,
Are hunted down like beaſts!

*** Did not report almoſt ſay as much? did not tyrants deſire it? and did not the ignorant dread it.

[PART SECOND.]

DUKE BOBADIL's RETREAT.

WHAT meant our conſternation?
'Twas all imagination,
'Twas for his recreation,
The duke came into France;
He thought we were aſleep,
And took a harmleſs peep;
But when he ſaw our forces,
Our cannon, foot, and horſes,
Our ſtores and wide reſources,
He trembl'd to advance.

THIONVILLE he ſurrounded,
But how was he confounded,
And his proud feelings wounded,
The WOODEN HORSE to ſee!
His mouth was full of hay,
And to the duke did ſay,
"You proud ambitious ſinner,
"You never ſhall come in here,
"Till I eat up my dinner;
"So take yourſelf away!"

But O! the manifeſto,
Affords a pretty jeſt O;
Juſt like the juggler's preſto,
It rais'd a ſhort ſurpriſe;
Alas! duke BROBDIGNAG!
Where is your empty brag,

Your military ſwaggers,
Your ſword, and fire, and daggers?
Ye crew of ſilly braggers,
Go home, and ſlaughter flies.

Now ſee the duke retreating,
His pulſe quick time is beating,
No thoughts he has of eating,
Or drinking, at Parie;
The ſumptuous feaſt is done,
The court broke up and gone!
And BOBADIL returning,
Chop-fall'n and in mourning;
With ſhame, and anger burning,
Nor eat, nor fight could he!

Alas! in deep dejection,
He takes a new direction,
His heels are his protection,
And eke the Berlin train:
And all the EMIGRANTS,
And PRINCES, COWARDS, and CANTS,
Have changed the war to RACES,
With wry and ghaſtly faces,
Purſue the wild-gooſe chaces,
With hunger, ſhame, and pain.

Now France with freedom ringing,
And ſongs of triumph ſinging,
The tyrants noſes wringing,
All in a doleful plight;
The RIGHTS OF MAN and FRANCE!!
And BOBADIL's dear dance!!!

When he turn'd out his beſt toes
And ceaſed his MANIFESTOES,
No longer to moleſt us,
He ſav'd himſelf by FLIGHT.

SONG.

Tune—"*Hearts of Oak.*"

YE Britons, lo longer inactive remain,
Attend to the dictates of Reaſon and PAINE;
'Tis to Freedom they call you, no longer delay,
Your rights are at ſtake—and are loſt if you ſtay.

CHORUS.

Hark! the trumpet of Fame bids you riſe and oppoſe,
The tyrants uniting,
While Frenchmen are fighting,
And Freedom inviting—to conquer your foes.

Shall men as the HEADS of the nation preſide,
Who cannot the TEST OF ENQUIRY ABIDE!
Let them boaſt of their virtues and plead for the ſtate,
So felons remonſtrate, in view of their fate.

Hark the trumpet of Fame, &c.

They flatter and fawn, and their friendſhip expreſs;
To blind, while they plunder, and roll in exceſs;
And a penſion beſtow for the PRAISES of thoſe,
Who would, if not BRIB'D, their CORRUPTION expoſe.

Hark the trumpet of Fame, &c.

While APOSTATES and TYRANTS ſo boldly agree,
Let the powers of our reaſon, *enlightened* and *free*,
Unappall'd at their frowns—with the object in view,
Thro' all its dark turnings, oppreſſion purſue.

Hark! the trumpet of Fame, &c.

SONG.

THE RIGHTS OF MAN.

BY HIS LORDSHIP.

THE Rights of Man I will maintain,
Upon the old foundation;
And thoſe who venture to complain,
Shall hear a proclamation.

CHORUS.

For kings and lords, the Rights of Man,
Were firſt of all intended;
And ſince the reign of kings began,
The Rights of Man are ended.

Now take me right, as we proceed,
'Tis needful I ſhould mention,
I am a ſon of noble breed,
And hold a little penſion.

For kings and lords, &c.

Kings have a right divine to be
Your LORDS, and GODS, and maſters;
And commons, peers, and prieſts agree,
To laugh at your diſaſters.

For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to all the toil,
And while it ne'er relaxes,
We eat the dainties of the ſoil,
And feed you well with taxes.

For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to chain your tongue,
When ſore you feel oppreſſion,
Nor check, nor call our meaſures wrong,
So wide is our commiſſion.

For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to live and breathe,
And anſwer your creation;
But mark—your fathers did bequeath,
To us—to rule the nation.

For kings and lords, &c.

You have a right to wear your rags,
And pay your debts in limbo,
While we, like Judas, keep your bags,
And boldly after him go.

For kings and lords, &c.

In fine, the nation is our own;
And let me further tell you.
The powerful right is in the throne,
By which we buy and ſell you.

For kings and lords, &c.

SONG.

WHA DOES THIS BONNET FIT?

Tune, "*Jolly Miller.*"

A WICKED Scotchman now reſides,
Juſt by the treaſury;
He ſteals and cheats from morn to night,
No thief more glad than he.

CHORUS.

This is the burthen of his ſong,
Where-ever he may be;
I care for nobody right or wrong,
And nobody cares for me.

His fingers had the dreadful itch,
Which made him croſs the Tweed,
To find a cure among the rich,
And having made great ſpeed,
This is the burthen, &c.

His conſcience made of temper'd ſteel,
His face of ſolid braſs;
Remorſe nor ſhame he ne'er did feel,
Since he in office was.
This is the burthen, &c.

Yet one ſad thought his boſom heaves,
And yields a ſmarting pain,
That, ſhould the ſtate be purg'd from THIEVES,
He loſes all again!
Still this the burthen, &c.

THE ENQUIRER AND HIS ECHO.

A DIALOGUE.

SAY ECHO, how ſhall we diffuſe the light,
And teach unthinking men to claim their right?

Echo—WRITE.

But if we ſhould their enemies expoſe,
Will not a Proclamation ſoon oppoſe?

Echo—OPPOSE.

Perhaps, they would remove the nation's woe,
If they our numerous grievances did know.

Echo—No.

Why do they then, profeſs to be our friends,
The bulwark which our LIBERTY defends?

Echo—FIENDS.

They ſay we may with confidence rely
On them, a never-failing firm ally.

Echo—A LIE!

What are their motives, Echo, then ſay plain,
So eager each appears a ſeat to gain.

Echo—GAIN.

Then were electors blind not to refuſe?
Or were they brib'd, the people's curſe to chuſe?

Echo—JEWS!

But why does not the monarch intercede
Againſt ſuch men—to ruin us agreed?

Echo—GREED!

Where then his virtuous miniſtry I wonder?
What ſay the princes to the nation's blunder?

Echo—PLUNDER!

And where the gownſmen then with holy faces,
Can they not act by virtue of their places?

Echo—PLACES!

Alas! ſad Echo, I ſhall ceaſe to name,
Such overgrown corruption you proclaim.

Echo—CLAIM!

But claim from whom, and what ſhall we regain?
The nation's doom'd to tyranny and pain.

Echo—PAINE!!

What, Echo, do you recommend indeed,
A man of ſuch ſeditious, wicked breed?
Echo—READ!

But who made TRUTH a Libel? or the leaves
Condemns, which but aſſert, that *Thieves* are *Thieves?*
Echo—THIEVES!

To what then muſt the people have recourſe,
To gain reform, what arguments enforce?
Echo—FORCE.

Echo, farewell—and let all tyrants know it,
A change is near, and they muſt undergo it.
Echo—GO IT!!

SONG.

ADAPTED TO THE

Sentiments of a *red-hot ARISTOCRAT.*

Tune, "*God ſave the King.*"

LONG live our gracious king,
To him your treaſure bring,
Gen'rous and free!
His feelings are ſo tough,
You ne'er can give enough;
Why keep ye back the ſtuff?
Rebels ye be.

See, on the guineas fair,
His graceful picture there,
  Which, as you view,
Worſhip—and let them be
Sent to his treaſury;
Send them to him, that he
  May worſhip too;

You have a houſe and bed,
And you are cloath'd and fed,
  Temp'rate and bare;
Still let it be your aim,
Pride and exceſs to tame,
For your kind maſter's claim,
  All you can ſpare.

Great George our king we own,
Each on his marrow-bone,
  Engliſhmen true:
He ſhall ride over us!
Happy and glorious,
Freedom! victorious
  Frenchmen ne'er knew.

Chear up each mournful face,
See what a hopeful race,
  Now all alive!
O how it ſwells the ſong!
Princes ſo young and ſtrong,
Might draw a dray along,
  Ready to drive.

Long live our *noble* king,
To him your guineas bring,
Gen'rous and free!
Let it our hearts elate,
Still to ſupport the great—
Proud of our low eſtate
Still let us be?

SONG.

Kings a *great* BLESSING to a Nation.

SOON as a monarch mounts the throne,
His USEFULNESS is clearly known,
As thouſands can declare;
The kingly trade he undertakes,
And many a little monarch makes,
The government to ſhare.

And now in all the toils of ſtate,
He THINKS and LABOURS—early—late;
And with an ANXIOUS mind.
He preſſes on from care to care,
The people's burthens, HEAVY bear,
Upon his GRACIOUS mind!

He leaves the diſſipated crew,
Routes, feaſts, and ſporting to purſue—
The follies of the day:
Far greater thoughts his heart engage,
Than concerts—hunting—or the ſtage;
As wiſe Duguet doth ſay.

The law HE next ſurveys, and ſees
That acts and deeds, and ſuits and fees,
May not the poor oppreſs;
Hence, Judges ſo UPRIGHT we ſee,
And Juries, HONEST, wiſe, and FREE;
Their pureſt thoughts expreſs.

Anon the church his care demands,
The holy troop with gowns and bands,
He ſuffers none FOR HIRE!
To feed and guide the poor and blind,
To raiſe and cultivate the mind,
Of each he doth require.

Thus kings are rais'd to BLESS the land,
And Church and State go hand in hand,
The BLESSING to enſure;
Upon our backs, the JUNTO rides;
So ſoft they ſit upon our hides,
'Tis PLEASANT to endure!

SONG.

Tune, "*Duſky Night.*"

NO longer loſt in ſhades of night,
Where late in chains we lay;
The ſun ariſes, and his light
Diſpels our gloom away.

CHORUS.

And demanding Freedom all,
While kings combine,
We boldly join,
Nor ceaſe till tyrants fall.

Nor longer blind, and proud to lye
In ſlavery profound;
But for redreſs aloud we cry!
And tyrants hear the ſound.

Demanding Freedom all, &c.

The pomp of courts no more engage;
The magic ſpell is broke,
We hail the bright reforming age!
And caſt away the joke.

Demanding Freedom all, &c,

Our ſubſtance and our blood no more,
So tamely ſhall we yield;
Nor quit like ſlaves our native ſhore,
To deck the MONSTER's field.

But demanding Freedom all, &c.

The rotten lumber of the land,
The courtly penſion'd train;
Shall hear their ſentence and diſband,
As we our rights regain.

Thus demanding Freedom all, &c.

The mitred villain as he rolls,
In luxury and luſt,
He blinds and robs the ſilly ſouls,
Committed to his truſt.

But demanding Freedom all, &c.

Amus'd no more with empty lies,
Of BLISS we never knew;
The traitors drop the ſtate diſguiſe,
And cloſely we purſue.

CHORUS.

Demanding freedom all!
While kings combine,
We boldly join,
Nor ceaſe till tyrants fall.

SONG.

TO THE

LONDON CORRESPONDING SOCIETY.

Tune—" *See your Country righted.*"

ASSEMBLED in our Country's Cauſe,
Hail the happy ſeaſon!
We fear no frowns—nor court applauſe,
Purſuing truth and reaſon.

CHORUS.

Boldly all with heart and hand,
Meet we here united,
By each other firmly ſtand,
To ſee our Country righted.

Long beneath the rod we lay,
Plunder'd and contented;
But no more ſhall tyrants ſway,
Our wrongs ſhall be reſented.

Boldly all with heart, &c.

See the rich and ſumptuous board!
Harpies all ſurrounding,
Seize our wealth to ſwell the hoard,
In luxury abounding.

Boldly all with heart, &c.

Shall we tamely yet reſign,
Our purſe to theſe Collectors?
And hail them with a RIGHT DIVINE!
Away with ſuch protectors.

Boldly then with heart, &c.

Fearleſs of their lawleſs pow'r,
Empty ſons of thunder;
Let them bluſter out their hour,
They ſhall ſoon knock under.

Boldly all with heart, &c.

Brave the dangers that ſurround,
Bid them all defiance;
Truth eternal is our ground,
THE PEOPLE our alliance.

Boldly then with heart, &c.

See our numbers how they grow!
Crowding and dividing*;
Eager all their Rights to know,
Reaſon ſtill preſiding.

Boldly all with heart, &c.

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* Alluding to the affiliated *diviſions* which file off every night of meeting to different parts of the town.

Let us then as friends agree;
Kings and prieſts diſſemble,
War and ſtrife they love to ſee,
Union makes them tremble.

Boldly all with heart, &c.

SONG.

Tune, "*Mulberry Tree.*"

THE great Reformation, approaching, we hail!
'Gainſt ſtatesmen and prieſts truth and reaſon prevail,
Triumphant the planters of Liberty, ſee!
Preparing the ſoil of the globe for the tree.

CHORUS.

All ſhall yield to FREEDOM'S fair tree,
Bend to thee
Bleſt Liberty!
Heroes are they, now planting thee,
And all their great names immortal ſhall be!

Away with the ſplendour and pomp of a court,
Our toil ſhall no longer the baubles ſupport,
No longer the ſlaves of a ſtateſman and king,
Inſpir'd by the Muſes of Freedom we ſing.

All ſhall yield, &c.

Ye Britons, for courage in battle renown'd,
For freedom and riches—Alas, empty ſound!
Triumphant ye came from the field and the main,
To be conquered and plundered by ſtateſmen again.

Then repair to, &c.

Ye trees of corruption in courts ye abound,
The fruits ye produce are a curſe to the ground,
In the ſoil where ye flouriſh no others can grow,
But now ſee the axe at your roots aims the blow.

All ſhall yield, &c.

May Heav'n guard THE PEOPLE, and armies of France,
And cruſh all their foes where-ever they advance;
An end to the councils of traitors combin'd,
The downfal of tyrants—and peace to mankind!

All ſhall yield, &c.

How great in the ages to come and how dear,
Your names, and your conqueſts great heroes will appear!
With rapture they'll read, and your actions review,
While under the ſhade of the tree raiſed by you!

All ſhall yield, &c.

SONG.

The MARSEILLES MARCH.

Sung by the MARSEILLOIS going to Battle.

By General Kellerman's Army,

And at the different THEATRES in Paris.

YE ſons of France, awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you riſe!
Your children, wives, and grandſires hoary;
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, miſchief breeding,
With hireling hoſts, a ruffian band,
Affright and deſolate the land,
While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding!

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging ſword unſheath,
March on, march on, all hearts reſolv'd
On victory or death!

Now, now, the dang'rous ſtorm is rolling,
Which treach'rous Kings, confederate, raiſe;
The dogs of war let looſe are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;

And ſhall we baſely view the ruin,
While lawleſs Force, with guilty ſtride,
Spreads deſolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands embruing?

To arms, ye brave, &c.

With luxury and pride ſurrounded,
The vile inſatiate deſpots dare,
Their thirſt of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air;
Like beaſts of burden would they load us,
Like gods, would bid their ſlaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then ſhall they longer laſh and goad us?

To arms, ye brave, &c.

O Liberty! can man reſign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble ſpirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falſehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our ſword and ſhield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

CHORUS,

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging ſword unſheath,
March on, march on, all hearts reſolv'd
On victory or death!

SONG.

SUNG BY Mr. DIGNUM,

AT THE

Anniverſary of the Revolution of 1688.

Held at the LONDON TAVERN, Nov. 1792.

Tune--"*The tear that bedews ſenſibility's ſhrine.*"

UNFOLD, Father Time, thy long records unfold,
Of noble atchievements accomplish'd of old;
When men by the ſtandard of Liberty led,
Undauntedly conquer'd, or chearfully bled:
But now 'midſt the triumphs theſe moments reveal,
Their glories all fade, and their luſtre turns pale:
While France riſes up, and proclaims the decree,
That tears off their chains, and bids millions be free.

As ſpring to the fields, or as dew to the flowers,
To the earth parch'd with heat, as the ſoft dropping ſhowers,
As health to the wretch that lyes languid and wan,
Or reſt to the weary—is Freedom to man:
Where Freedom the light of her countenance gives,
There only He triumphs, there only he lives;
Then ſeize the glad moment, and hail the decree,
That tears off their chains, and bids millions be free.

Too long had oppreſſion and terror entwin'd,
Thoſe tyrant-formed chains that enſlav'd the free mind;
While dark Superſtition with Nature at ſtrife,
For ages had lock'd up the fountains of life:
But the dæmon is fled, the deluſion is paſt,
And Reaſon and Virtue have triumph'd at laſt;
Then ſeize the glad moment, and hail the decree,
That tears off their chains, and bids millions be free.

France we ſhare in the rapture thy boſom that fills,
While the Genius of Liberty bounds o'er thine hills:
Rebundant henceforth may thy purple juice flow,
Prouder wave thy green woods, and thine olive trees grow!
While the hand of philoſophy long ſhall entwine,
Bleſt emblem, the laural, the myrtle and vine;
And Heav'n thro' all ages confirms the decree,
That tears off their chains, and bids millions be free.

SONG.

SUNG AT THE

Anniverſary of the Revolution of 1688,

Held at the *London Tavern*, Nov. 5, 1792.

SEE! bright Liberty deſcending,
O'er the verdant hills and plains:
And bold GALLIA, nobly ſending,
FREEDOM to the ſlaves in chains.

See! fell tyranny defeated:
By each bold and patriot band:
May their triumphs be repeated,
O'er oppreſſion's iron hand.

Oh! may we partake the rapture,
Which triumphant patriots feel;
May they ev'ry tyrant capture,
Who attacks the commonwealth.

May the cauſe which they're protecting
Spread thro ev'ry ſtate and clime;
That men on their rights reflecting,
REVOLUTIONS well may time.

Let not men of any nation,
By falſe arguments deceiv'd,
Startle at a reformation,
When their country is aggriev'd.

But as human inſtitutions,
Are by nature prone to change:
Let ſucceeding revolutions,
Wiſe and equal laws arrange.

Thus ſecured, ſhall future ages,
Who may celebrate this day:
Say "no more wild diſcord rages,
TRUTH and REASON bear the ſway."

SONG.

THE PORTER'S GOSSIP,

OR AN

Iriſh Defence of the BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

BY J. WALKER.

RECITATIVE.

AT alehouſe door, where weary porters ſtop
To pitch their loads and take a chearing drop,
Jenkin and Patrick once together met,
Their buſineſs was the ſame, to reſt and wet;
Beer ſharpen'd wit, and glibly run their gab;
What follows is a ſketch of their confab.

AIR, BY JENKIN.

Cot pleſs hur, what puſtle and rout;
Come tell hur, coot frient, if you can,
What all that creat pook is apout,
Which hur thinks they call Paine's Rights of Man?

They tell hur ſuch wonderful things,
A Welchman's as goot as a LORT;
There's no more occaſion for kings
Than hur crantmoter hat for a ſwort.

And princes, tukes, Intans, and placks,
Are the ſame plood and pody as we;
The poor ſhall not pay ſo much tax,
But that all hafe a right to be free.

RECITATIVE.

Now Paddy had perus'd the Rights of Man,
So hitched his breeches up, and thus began:

AIR, BY PADDY,

Blood an'ouns, Maſter Jenkin—I'm now after thinking,
You're not quite the thing in your nob,
Why Paine's bodderation—drives mad half the nation;
He'll one day repent his wild gob.
Can you call that mad patter of his Common Senſe,

Where he ſays, were the ſame fleſh and blood as a prince?
Arra, who can believe ſuch queer nonſenſe as this?
No, Jenkin, its cruel—but hear me, my jewel,
I'll engage I'll tell what the rights of an Engliſhman is.

But this ne'er enter'd your nob,
If it had, you wou'd never complain;
Whiſht, whiſht, hububoo, hold your gob,
Whiſht, whiſht, hububoo, fililililoo,
To be ſure a big rogue is Tom Paine.

Now you know my dear cr'ature—A king has by nature
A head nicely fitted to rule;
And his children for ever—muſt be mighty clever,
For how ſhould a king get a fool?
Then there's lords, and there's dukes, and there's earls, and what not,
'Caſe they're rich they're as wiſe as the devil knows what,
Arra, Jenkin you know they cant live on the air,
So we tip them a penſion—The ſum's not worth mention,
Poor cr'atures, for what is 4, 5, or 6000 a-year?

But this never enter'd, &c.

A million a-year—for a monarch, my dear,
Is not quite three thouſand a-day;
What he has to do, ſir—is nothing—to you, ſir;
Don't bodder your noddle, then, pray.
For a miniſter's whim, 'tis an Engliſhman's right
To be preſſ'd from his wife and his children—to fight,
While placemen are lolling at eaſe on the ſod,
While ſoldiers are tramping—in dangers encamping,
Devil help'em, ſure ſixpence a-day is enough for a ſwad.

But this never enter'd, &c.

You may think it alarming—my ſoul, there's no harm in
A game at gunpowder and lead;
If your king pick the quarrel—Why you'll wear the laural,
That is, if you bring back your head!
You know, my dear cr'ature, your brother's your FOE,
And his throat you muſt cut, if your king tells you ſo,
What tho' he ne'er give you a word of offence,
He goes to perdition—for ſtateſmen's ambition;
What matter? yet Paine won't allow this to be—Common Senſe.

But this never enter'd, &c.

And the great bodderation—he makes on taxation
'Tis all, my dear, Peter-my-knife:
For taxing the malt—houſes, leather and ſalt,
Sure you know are all LUXURIES of life;
And the tax upon coals, could not Richmond ſupport,
Did we not make it up with ſome places at court.
Death an'ouns, we will ſtarve to maintain their expence,
And live my dear cr'atures—on herrings and praties—
By my ſoul tho' you'll never bear this, while we have common ſenſe.

That's the book that's been cramming your nob;
You'll never hear Paddy complain;
Whiſht, whiſht, hubbuboo, hold your gob,
Whiſht, whiſht, hububoo, fililililoo,
To be ſure a big rogue is TOM PAINE.

SONG.

Tune, "*The Topſails ſhiver in the Wind.*"

IN times of yore, when heroes fought,
And cities ſtream'd with blood,
The bards to better ſtrains untaught,
Sang of the crimſon flood.
Far nobler themes my muſe invite,
Than e'er inſpir'd theſe ſons of night.

FREEDOM, who long had dormant lain,
While deſpots bore the ſway,
Now deigns to viſit man again,
Reveal'd thro' TRUTH's bright ray:
Hence then, ye poets, join to praiſe
FREEDOM in your immortal lays.

And firſt, that brave unrivall'd chief,
Who did her cauſe maintain,
Whoſe works evinc'd in every leaf,
Their godlike author PAINE.
While gratitude inſpires your ſong,
To him your warmeſt thanks belong.

A bolder champion to engage
Falſhood had never found;
Reſplendent TRUTH illum'd each page,
And flaſh'd conviction round.
Soon as this mighty work began,
All nature echo'd, "RIGHTS OF MAN!"

America had caught the flame,
And ſcorn'd ſubmiſſion baſe;
To laws unjuſt, no longer tame,
She bow'd her manly race;
But independence long had rear'd,
And neither ſlaves nor monarchs fear'd.

To Gallia's ſhore the influence ſpread,
Her num'rous ſons aroſe,
By liberty and reaſon led,
They found and cruſh'd their foes.
High ſounding titles down they cry,
And make their lordly owners fly.

Surrounding kings unite to go
Againſt this favour'd place;
For monarchy now felt a blow,
Which ſhook her firmeſt baſe.
Armies combine France to attack,
But GOD and nature drove them back.

Fain would the muſe now take her flight,
And ſing *Britannia* free;
That ſacred iſle, where once ſo bright,
Reign's heav'n-born LIBERTY.
But ah! how fall'n! yet ſoon ſhe'll riſe,
And proudly claim her native skies.

COMPARISON.

KIND Heav'n, we read, in days of yore,
Had mercy on the town of Zoar,
To ſave one RIGHTEOUS man;
To prop one *ſceptred fool* in France,
Bravado Brunſwick wields his lance;
He ſwears by all the powers of hell,
To ſlay and plunder—dire to tell!
A nation—IF he can.
But, lo! the ſons of Freedom roſe,
And pull'd the *bully* by the noſe—
He turn'd about and *ran!*

SONNET.

To BRITAIN.

RENOWN'D Britannia! lov'd parental land!
Regard thy welfare with a watchful eye!
Whene'er the weight of WANT's afflicting hand,
Wakes in thy vales the poor's perſuaſive cry.

When wealth *enormous* ſets the oppreſſor high,
When *bribes* thy ductile ſenators command,
And ſlaves in office freeman's RIGHTS withſtand,
THEN MOURN! for then thy fate approacheth nigh!

Not from perfidious Gaul or haughty Spain,
Nor all the neighbouring nations of the main;
Tho' leagu'd in war, tremendous round thy ſhore—
But from *thyſelf*, thy ruin muſt proceed:
Nor boaſt thy power; for know it is decreed,
Thy FREEDOM loſt, thy power ſhall be no more.

ODE to the DRUM.

I HATE that drum's diſcordant ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To thoughtleſs youth it pleaſure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields.
To ſell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glitt'ring arms:
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's diſcordant ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd ſwains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows tears, and orphans moans,
And all that miſery's hand beſtows,
To ſwell the catalogue of human woes.

*TO MANKIND.

AN ODE.

IS there, or do the ſchoolmen dream?
Is there on earth a power ſupreme,
The delegate of Heav'n?
To whom an uncontroul'd command,
In every realm, o'er ſea and land,
By ſpecial grace is giv'n?

Then ſay what ſigns this GOD proclaim?
Dwells he amidſt the diamond's flame.
A throne his hallow'd ſhrine,
Alas! the pomp, the arm'd array,
Want, *Fear*, and *Impotence* betray,
Strange proofs of power divine!!!

If ſervice due from human kind,
To men in SLOTHFUL eaſe reclin'd,
Can form a ſovereign's claim,
Hail monarchs! ye whom Heav'n ordains,
Our toils unſhar'd—to ſhare our gains,
YE IDEOTS, BLIND, and LAME!

---

* Dodſley's Poems, vol. II.

Superior virtue, wiſdom, might,
Create and mark the ruler's right,
So REASON muſt conclude——
Then thine it is, to whom belong,
The wiſe, the virtuous, and the ſtrong,
Thrice * *Sacred Multitude!!!*

In thee, vaſt ALL! are theſe contain'd,
For theſe are thoſe thy parts ordain'd,
So Nature's ſyſtems roll:
The ſceptres thine, if ſuch there be,
If none there is—then thou art FREE,
Great MONARCH! MIGHTY WHOLE!

Let the proud tyrant reſt his cauſe,
On faith, preſcription, force, or laws,
An hoſt's or ſenate's voice,
HIS VOICE affirms thy ſtronger due,
Who for the many made the few,
And gave the ſpecies choice.

Unſanctify'd by thy command,
Unown'd by thee, the ſcepter'd hand,
The TREMBLING SLAVE may bind;
But looſe from nature's moral ties,
The oath by force impos'd, belies
The unaſſenting mind.

* How different the ſentiments of this *virtuous* and *patriotic* author to thoſe of that *apoſtate courtier*, who has dared, in the full ſpirit of his *impudence*, to call the *majority* and *ſupport* of the nation, a "ſwiniſh multitude!

THY WILL's thy rule, thy good its end,
You punish only to defend
What parent Nature gave;
And he who dare her gifts invade,
By nature's oldest law is made,
Thy victim or thy slave.

Thus reason founds the just decree,
On universal Liberty,
Not private rights resign'd:
Through various nature's wide extent,
No PRIVATE BEINGS e'er were meant,
To hurt the GEN'RAL kind.

Avails it thee, if one devours,
Or lesser SPOILERS share his pow'rs,
While BOTH thy claim oppose?
Monsters who wore thy sully'd crown,
Tyrants* who pull'd those monsters down,
Alike to thee were foes!

---

* This is, perhaps, more than an oblique glance at Cromwell the *protector*, and some of his bloody banditti, who it appears brought Charles to the block only with a view to inherit his *tyranny*, and refused the regal honours merely to avoid suspicion —perhaps I am mistaken—they had *a generation of vipers to grapple with*.

Far other ſhone fair Freedom's band,
Far other was th, immortal ſtand,
When Hampden fought for thee;
They ſnatch'd from Rapine's gripe thy ſpoils,
The fruits and prize of glorious toils,
Of arts and induſtry.

Thy foes, a frontleſs band, invade;
Thy friends afford a timid aid,
And yield up half thy right;
Ev'n LOCKE beams forth a mingled ray,
Afraid to pour the flood of day,
On man's too feeble ſight.

O! ſhall the *bought* and *buying* tribe,
The *ſlaves* who take and deal the *bribe*,
A people's claims enjoy!
So Indian murd'rers hope to gain,
The pow'rs and virtues of the ſlain,
Of wretches they deſtroy.

"Avert it Heav'n! you love the brave,
"You hate the treach'rous willing ſlave,
"The ſelf-devoted head;
"Nor ſhall an hireling's voice convey,
"That ſacred prize to lawleſs ſway,
"For which a nation bled."

SONG.

FOR THE

ANNIVERSARY of the REVOLUTION.

BY G. DYER.

Tune, "*Rule Brittannia.*"

WHEN beating tempeſts waſte the plains,
And lightnings cleave the angry ſky,
Sorrow invades the anxious ſwains,
And trembling nymphs to ſhelter fly.

CHORUS,

But ſhould the ſun, the ſun illume the ſkies,
They catch his beams with grateful eyes.

When bigot zeal a nation rends,
And purple tyrants fill the throne,
Beneath their yoke meek virtue bends,
And modeſt truth is heard to groan;

But ſhould the ſtar, the ſtar of Freedom riſe,
Calm'd are their fears, and huſh'd their ſighs.

When generous patriots long oppreſs'd,
Decree to curb a monarch's pride;
And Freedom warms a NATION's breaſt,
Who ſhall the general ardour chide?

What can withſtand, withſtand the GREAT DECREE,
When a brave nation WILL BE FREE.

Thus Greece repell'd her num'rous foes,
Thus Britain curb'd a Stuart's race,
Thus Gallia's ſons to glory roſe,
Heralds of peace to future days;

And thus ſhall all, ſhall all the nations riſe,
And ſhout their triumphs to the skies.

The wars of monarchs thus decided,
Commerce ſhall bleſs each ſmiling land;
And man from man no more divided,
In peace ſhall live, a friendly band:

Tyrants ſhall fall, no more, no more to riſe,
Like glaring meteors of the skies.

Then blooming youths, and ſages hoary,
Shall ſing the deeds of ancient days;
And tender virgins learn the ſtory,
And children liſp their grandſires praiſe.

Earth will be gay, be gay, and bright the skies,
When Freedom's golden ſtar ſhall riſe;

SONG.

Tune, "*Hearts of Oak.*"

COME chear up, my countrymen, ne'er be diſmay'd,
For Freedom her banners once more has diſplay'd,
Be ſtaunch for your Rights—Hark 'tis Liberty's call;
For Freedom, dear Freedom, ſtand up one and all!

CHORUS.

With heart and with hand,
Swear firmly to ſtand;
'Till Oppreſſion is driven quite out of the land.

To redreſs all our wrongs, let MAN's RIGHTS be apply'd;
Truth and Juſtice they ſhow, and by theſe we'll abide.
Luxurious Pomp, which brings Taxes and Woes,
No more we'll maintain with the ſweat of our brows.

But with heart, &c.

The bold RIGHTS of MAN ſtruck ſuch terror and fear,
That ſtern Proclamations in all parts appe[illegible]:

But deter us they can't—for as Friends we'll agree
The State to reform—and we'll die or be free.

Then with heart, &c.

So much tribute we pay, that we ſcarcely can live;
For the light of the ſun, what a rent do we give?
To be told "We are happy!"—'tis mere Gaſconade;
For we're burden'd like ſlaves, and like packhorſes made.

But with heart, &c.

Then to Freedom preſs forward like men who are wiſe,
And accompany France, out of bondage to riſe,
And America's world: Let us with them agree,
And join the grand Concert—to die, or be free.

Then with heart, &c.

To conclude, here's ſucceſs to honeſt Tom Paine;
May he live to enjoy what he well does explain.
The juſt RIGHTS OF MAN, may we never forget.
For they'll ſave Britain's friends from the bondage of Pitt.

Then with heart, &c.

GLEE
FOR THREE VOICES.

ARM, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,
Let us live free or die.
Trumpets ſounding, banners flying,
Braving tyrants, chains defying.
Arm, arm, the gen'rous Britons cry,
Let us live free or die,
Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! Liberty!

LIBERTY FIRE.

LATENT long, and undetected,
Lay this heav'nly fire *electric*:
FRANKLIN drew it from the skies,
Flaſhing FREEDOM in our eyes.

Through all nations, NOW *excited*,
Fly the ſparks of minds *ignited*:
Mighty *batteries* make *diſcharge*,
Burſting, thundering out at large.

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* From the Goldfinch Songſter, Page 288.

Dire and dreadful ſeem'd the *ſhock*,
When the world began to rock—
Rock from both its fixed poles,
To let looſe our fetter'd ſouls.

Looſe from *deſpots* and their *minions*,
Looſe from *Prieſts* and their *opinions*,
All in FREEDOM'S RING we join,
Each repeating, FREEDOM'S *mine!*

All of *Freedom's* heir apparent,
Now we feel our *rights inherent*,
INDEFEASIBLE, DIVINE!
Theſe, O Mankind, theſe are thine!

Claim the *birth-right* (claim with ſpirit,)
Heaven gives you to inherit;
Touch'd by Heaven's etherial fire,
To your heavenly rights aſpire.

Blow, all ye winds! the riſing flame:
Let it be a fire of fame,
Blazing, rolling, round the *Ball*,
Like the SUN, rejoicing ALL!

SONG.

NEWS from TOULON;

OR,

The Men of Gotham's Expedition.

BY J. THELWALL.

SILENCE, men of Gotham all, in country, court and city,
With drooping hearts and downcaſt eyes, attend unto my ditty,
A ditty all ſo ſad and ſtrange, from Toulon late I brought it,
And ſure you ought to love it dear, for dearly you have bought it.
Hum! hum! hum!

The burthen of my ſong is a wondrous *tranſformation*,
That late (by *hocus pocus* ſure) befel a neighbouring nation,
For while *Baſtiles* were tumbling down, and palaces of *Neroes*,
Lo! a *Swiniſh Multitude* were chang'd to *men* and *heroes*.
Hum! hum! hum!

There Soldiers *hir'd to cut the throats of thoſe whom they protected,*
Transform'd to zealous Citizens, the Court's commands rejected;
While Lawyers (wondrous ſtrange to tell!) to honeſt men converted,
Plac'd *Reaſon on the ſeats of Law,* and quirks and fees deſerted.

Hum! hum! hum!

Their cloiſter'd Monks, who dream'd and pray'd, with ſhaven skulls ſo bare, Sirs,
Transform'd to uſeful lab'rers, itch no more in ſhirts of hair, Sirs,
E'en PRIESTS their *holy frauds* forſake, the public weal to plan Sirs,
And chaſte and pious NUNS demand to learn the *rights of man,* Sirs.

Hum! hum! hum!

There *Superſtition's temples* too—(but huſh!) I fear 'tis treaſon!
Are chang'd to temples (ſtrange indeed!) of liberty and reaſon!
While *crucifixes, relics, ſhrines, apoſtles, ſaint,* and *martyr,*
Theſe *ſans culottes* (oh! impious dogs!) for beef and brandy barter.

Hum! hum! hum!

Oh! woeful Times! when ſchemes like theſe can
madden every brain, Sirs,
When *prieſts*, *ſaints*, *lords*, and *miniſters* come
tumbling down amain, Sirs,
Then thoſe who've plunder'd long the land, alas!
refund their riches,
That every villain *Sans-culotte* may get a pair of
breeches— Hum! hum! hum!

But woe, alas! not here can ſtop the renovating
fury,
But *Kings* and *Princes*, *Queens* and *Lords* muſt
bow to judge and jury;
Nay, *little Capet*, ſo 'twas ſaid, ſince changes went
ſo faſt, Sirs,
Muſt *cobble* up his *royal thoughts*, and labour at
his laſt, Sirs.
Hum! hum! hum!

This news to GOTHAM late arrived, when her wiſe
men aſſembled,
While *penſioners* were ſtruck aghast, and every
placeman trembled;
"To arms!" cries each *Ariſtocrate*, "for if the
tempeſt gathers,
"They'll flay us all, and tan our hides, to furniſh
"upper leathers."
Hum! hum! hum!

A mighty man, and mighty fleet, then ſought
a mighty harbour;
He came, ſaw, conquer'd—GOTHAM'S CHIEFS
declar'd it quite the barber.

Then thus ſays he "To France at large I bring
moſt glorious news, Sirs;
"For *Louis*, by my NOSE I ſwear! ſhall never
cobble ſhoes, Sirs." Hum! hum! hum!

But ah! thoſe baſe-born *ſans culottes* kick'd up
a mighty riot,
Nor man of *Gotham*, *Naples*, *Spain*, could ſleep
a night in quiet:
The panic ſeiz'd on man and beaſt, of terror all
were full, Sirs;
And e'en his Popeſhip's *cows* and *calves* were
ſilent as his BULL, Sirs.
Hum! hum! hum!

Thus while the rout and ruin reign, which no-
thing could controul, Sirs,
Each would himſelf a *Cobler* be, might he but
ſave his *ſoul*, Sirs.
Nay, *Gotham's Captain*, while the balls were
wizzing in his ears, Sirs,
Began to think he was not like to live a thouſand
years, Sirs. Hum! hum! hum!

Thus ends the woeful tale, good friends, of *Ga-
thams* expedition,
A tale muſt fill each loyal breast with ſorrow's
ſharp attrition,
And ſo god ſave kings priest, and lords, and
princes altogether,
And ſhield them, in theſe changeful times, from
lapstones, lasts, and leather.

THE PATRIOTS INVOCATION.

Tune—" CAIRA."

COME, come along, come along, come along,
Friends and neighbours join with me,
For the tenor of my ſong, is Juſtice, Truth and Liberty,
We're engaged in *Freedom's cauſe*, we'll ſupport her ſacred laws,
Forward ſtep without delay, freedoms cauſe your aid demands:
To induce you to obey, ſee the *Goddeſs* ſmiling ſtands,
Waves *her banner* in the air, calls you thither to repair;
Dare *ſhe* cries aſſert your *claim*, vindicate the *Rights of Man*,
Then come along, come along, come along, friends and neighbours join with me,
Ah! caira, caira, caira, *persevere* and we'll be *free*.

Sweet Liberty, liberty, liberty, the deſire of all mankind,
We reject all tyranny, and all thoſe who would us bind,
We reſpect the *human race*, we in love all men *embrace*,

Baſe diſtinctions we diſclaim, only that of virtue prize:
He's the great and nobleſt man, who for his country lives and dies,
Let the ancient Britiſh fire, every honeſt heart inſpire;
Spread the glorious flame around, whereſoever man is found,

CHORUS—Then come along, &c.

See Tyranny, tyranny, tyranny, raiſing up its hoſtile hand
While the horrid Monſter war, ſpreads death and miſery o'er the land;
Regarding not the pris'ners groans, Widows tears or Orphans moans,
On Hell's errands ſwiftly run, deſolates the fertile plain;
Robs the Parent of their ſon, with his blood the ſea they ſtain,
While the poor in every place, famine ſtares them in the face;
Doom'd to languiſh, pine and die, Or live in *abject Slavery*.

CHORUS—Then come along, &c.

Then never reſt, never reſt, never reſt, unconcerned while danger's near,
Help to ſoothe the mournful breaſt, and wipe off the ſtarting tear;

Courage will with danger riſe, we all cowardice
deſpiſe,
Fear no *tyrants* angry brow, we have ſouls we
call our own;
Never will we baſely bow, to a blood-cemented
throne,
Join us then with heart and hand, for your free-
dom boldly ſtand,
Leave it as a legacy, unto your poſterity.

CHORUS—Then come along, &c.

SONG.

Mr. SKIRVING's

FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY.

Tune—"*Lochaber, &c.*"

FAREWELL! O farewell to paſt ſcenes of de-
light,
Now clouded alas! with the gloom of the night,
For a victim—I go, to ſome far diſtant ſhore,
Perhaps to return to my country no more.
My tears only flow, hapleſs Scotland for thee!
And not for the woes which preſs only on me,
I go undiſmay'd, to ſome far diſtant ſhore,
Perhaps to return to my country no more.

Tho' the ſtorm howl around, and tho' waves round me roll
They affright not, when virtue reſides in the ſoul:
Her rays can illumine the dark midnight hour,
And darkneſs and fear, are diſpell'd by her power.
Oh my country! thy children ſubmit to the yoke,
Their old valour is gone, their old ſpirit is broke:
And freedom long baniſh'd from Scotia's fam'd ſhore,
O'er ſhadows the iſle with her ſtandard no more.

Fate gives the command, and reſigned I obey,
Injuſtice and tyranny drive me away.
My children and wife.—I muſt yield to my woe,
'Tis nature commands the ſad tribute to flow.
I leave to my country ſo ſacred a truſt,
And if fate ſhould conſign this weak frame to the duſt,
May they meet with friends on my dear native ſhore,
Tho' the father and huſband, behold them no more.

SONG.

DEATH OR LIBERTY.

WHY vainly do we waste our prime
Repeating our oppreſſions,
Come, rouſe to arms, 'tis now the time
To puniſh paſt tranſgreſſions,
'Tis ſaid that kings can do no wrong,
Their murd'rous deeds deny it,
And ſince from us their power has ſprung
We have the right to try it.
Each patriot Briton's ſong muſt be
O give me death or liberty.

The starving wretch, who steals for bread
But ſeldom meets compaſſion,
And ſhall a crown preſerve the head
Of one who robs a nation!
Such partial laws we all deſpiſe,
See Gallia's bright example,
The godlike ſcene before our eyes,
We'll ev'ry tyrant trample.
Each patriot Briton's ſong will be
O give me death or liberty.

Proud biſhops then we will tranſlate
Among prieſtcrafted martyrs,
The Guillotine on peers ſhall wait
And knights we'll hang in garters.

These despots long have trod us down,
And judges are their engines,
Such wretched minions of the crown
Demand the people's vengeance.
Each patriot Briton's song will be
O give me death or liberty.

Our juries are a venal pack
See justice topsy turvy,
On freedom's cause they've turn'd a back
Of Englishmen unworthy,
Now once for all the work begun
We'll clean the Augean stable,
A moment lost we are undone
Come, strike whilst we are able.
Each patriot Briton's song shall be
O give me death or liberty.

The golden age will then revive,
Each man will be a brother,
In harmony we all shall live,
And share this earth together.
In virtue's school enlightened youth
Will love his fellow creature,
And future years will prove his truth
That man is good by nature.
Then let us drink with three times three
The reign of peace and liberty.

SONG.

QUEVEDO's VISION.

Tune—" *Liberty Hall.*"

WHEN Quevedo peep'd into the region's below,
He met with a Devil a ſort of a beau;
Who ſcraping his hoof with a courtiers-like grace,
Made offers of ſervice to ſhew him the place.

Sir Devil, your ſervant the ſtranger replied,
Your offer's most kind, ſince the place is ſo wide;
So bowing politely they ſet off together,
Like a couple of beau's in the park in fine weather.

Wide around the drear regions of Tartarus flam'd,
Where Quevedo on all ſides ſaw millions of d—d;
Each profeſſions pent up in a ſeparate cell,
Which divides like pews the interior of hell.

D—d Lawyers, d—d Courtiers, d—d Cowards, d—d Braves,
D—d counterfeit patriots, d—d time-ſerving Slaves,
D—d Biſhops d—d Cardinal's, d—d Prieſts and what not;
With red-letter Saints, now in hell were red hot.

D—d Generals that ravage mankind for ambition,
D—d Prophets that cheat the world into ſubmiſſion;
With founders of ſects, ſat a warming their noſes,
There was Peter, Mahomet, and Aaron, and Moſes.

Having view'd all theſe curious and terrible things,
Be ſo good ſays the Stranger, as ſhew me your KINGS;
For fain would I know, if theſe *high titled brothers*,
Are d—d to a hell any hotter than others.

The hotteſt of holes ſays the fiend they are cram'd in,
And a ſtill ten times worſe they deſerved to be d—d in:
Take a peep through the key-hole, their Kingſhips you'll ſee,
For by Satan their ſtink's too offenſive for me.

Quevedo peep'd in and through ſulphur and ſmoke,
Eſpie'd certain Monarchs and inſtantly ſpoke;
Sir Demon I think, with ſubmiſſion to you,
Tho' the world is ſo antient, their numbers are few.

But few, quoth the Demon! why ſurely you rave,
Speak out man, and tell us, how many you'd have;
Without bate or exception, of climate or nation,
Here are all that have reign'd ever ſince the CREATION.

SONG.

THE TENDER'S HOLD.

Tune—"*The Hardy Tar.*"

WHILE Landſmen wander uncontrol'd
And boaſt the rights of Freemen;
O! view the tender's loathſome bold,
Where droop your injur'd ſeamen;
Dragg'd by oppreſſion's ſavage graſp,
From ev'ry dear connection;
'Midſt putrid air, O! ſee them gaſp,
O! mark their deep dejection.

CHORUS.

Bluſh then, O bluſh! ye penſion'd hoſt,
Who wallow in profuſion,
For your foul cell proves all your boaſt,
To be but mere deluſion.

If liberty be ours, O ſay,
Why are not all protected,
Why is the hand of ruffian ſway,
'Gainſt ſeaman thus directed;
Is this your proof of Britiſh rights?
Is this rewarding bravery?
O ſhame! to boast your tar's exploits,
Yet dooms thoſe tars to ſlavery.

But juſt return'd from noxious ſkies,
And winter's raging Ocean,
To land the ſunburnt ſeaman flies,
Impell'd by ſtrong emotion:
His much lov'd Wife, his children dear,
Around him cling delighted,
When lo! th' impreſſing fiends appear,
And ev'ry joy is blighted.
Then bluſh! O bluſh, &c.

Thus from each ſoft endearment torn,
Behold the ſeamen languiſh,
His wife, his children, left forlorn,
The prey of bitter anguiſh,
'Reft of thoſe arms whoſe vig'rous ſtrength
Their ſhed from wants defended,
They droop, and all their woes at length,
Are in a workhouſe ended.
Then bluſh! O bluſh, &c.

Mark then, ye minions of a court,
Who prate of freedom's bleſſing,
Yet every hell-born war ſupport,
And vindicate impreſſing:
A time will come, when things like you,
Mere baubles of creation,
No more ſhall make mankind purſue,
The work of devaſtation!
Then bluſh! O bluſh, &c.

ERIN GO BRAGH;

OR,

The Exiled Iriſhman's Addreſs to his Countrymen.

AIR—SA VOURNEEN DEELISH.

GREEN were the fields where my forefathers dwelt oh!
*Erin ma vourneen ſlan laght go bragh,**
Tho' our farm it was ſmall, yet comforts we felt oh!
Erin ma vourneen ſlan laght go bragh.
At length came the day when our leaſe did expire,
And fain wou'd I live, where before liv'd my ſire;
But ah! well-a-day, I was *forc'd* to retire,
Erin ma vourneen ſlan laght go bragh.

Tho' all taxes I paid, yet no vote could I paſs oh!
Erin ma vourneen ſlan laght go bragh.
Aggrandized no great man, and I feel it, alas oh!
Erin ma vourneen ſlan laght go bragh.
Forced from my home, yea, from where I was born,
To range the wide world, poor, helpleſs, forlorn,
I look back with regret, and my heart-ſtrings are torn,
Erin ma vourneen ſlan laght go bragh.

---

* *Ireland my darling for ever adieu.*

With principles pure, patriotic, and firm,
Erin ma vourneen ſlan, laght go bragh,
Attach'd to my Country, a friend to REFORM,
Erin ma vourneen ſlan laght go bragh.
I ſupported OLD IRELAND, was ready to die for't,
If her *foes* e'er prevail'd I was well know to ſigh for't,
But my FAITH I PRESERV'D, and am now forc'd to fly for't,
Erin ma vourneen ſlan lagh go bragh.

In the North I ſee friends, too long was I blind oh!
Erin ma vourneen ſlan laght go bragh.
The cobwebs are broken, and *free* is my *mind* oh!
Erin ma vourneen ſlan laght go bragh.
EAST and WEST here's my hand, NORTH and SOUTH here's my heart oh!
Let's ne'er be *divided* by any baſe art oh!
But love one another, and never more part oh!
Erin ma vourneen ſlan laght go bragh.

Hark! I hear ſounds, and my heart ſtrong is beating,
BOUY YOUD ma vourneen Erin go bragh.*
Freedom advancing, DELUSION retreating.
Bouy youd ma vourneen Erin go bragh.
We have numbers, and *numbers* do *conſtitute* POWER,
Let's WILL to be FREE, and we're free from that hour,
Of Hibernia's ſons, yes, we'll *then* be the flower.
Bouy youd ma vourneen Erin go bragh.

---

* *Victory to you my darling Ireland for ever.*

Too long have we ſuffered, and *too long* lamented,
Bauy youd ma vourneen Erin go bragh.
By courage UNDAUNTED it may be *prevented*.
Bouy youd ma vourneen Erin go bragh.
Mo more by OPPRESSORS let us be affrighted,
But with *heart* and with *hand*, be firmly united;
For by "ERIN GO BRAGH," its thus we'll be righted.
Bouy youd ma vourneen Erin go bragh.

The following Jeu D'eſprits are by a particular Acquaintance of the Author of the *Rights of Man*, and a Friend to the Writings of Mr. PAINE, and the meaſures of Mr. PITT.

SONNET

TO AN INFANT AT THE BREAST.

DEAR, lovely Babe! *equal* by birth to all,
While thus thou drain'ſt my breaſt my blood runs chill;
I aſk, if *thou* ſome future day muſt fall,
And Deſpots ſend thee *to be kill'd or kill!*

For thouſands *daily* drop, who each like thee,
Once claim'd a *Mother*'s ever anxious love;
Hung on her bo.om, ſported on her knee,
And *valued* were, a world of KINGS *above*.

Tormenting thought! oh! ere thou growſt mature,
May all wars ceaſe, or TYRANTS, if there be,
Fight their own battles, and each man ſecure,
By *equal rights* and *equal laws* be free.
So may no *Mother*'s care be thrown away,
Nor One *hurl millions from the face of day*.

EPITAPH

On JOHN JAMES O'COIGLY, who was executed at Maidstone for High Treaſon on Thursday June 7, 1798.

HERE lies the abettor of a *Godlike* cauſe,
Whoſe name ſhall *outlive* bad Men, and their laws;
And long his memory 'mongſt the *Good* ſhall laſt,
When *Deſpots* are *no more* and *tyrant-times are paſt*.
Pauſe Reader! o'er lamented COIGLY's bier,
On *worth*, and *innocence* beſtow a tear;
And while adown thy *indignant* cheek it flows,
Swear deep REVENGE on his, and Virtue's *foes*;
Swear to deſtroy that GANG whoe'er they be,
Who dare *infringe* thy *birth-right to be free*;
Who violate *Man's Rights*, and *Heaven's laws*,
Retire!—*and ſwear deſtruction to their cauſe*.

SONG.

THOMAS PAINE,

And Man's Rights thro' the World.

DECLAIMERS will rail, and with Sophiſtic art,
Sage Philoſophy's maxims elude,
A language they preach from the head, not the heart,
And Wiſdom and Truth they call rude.
But away fell Corruption and falſehood ſhall flee,
See the Banners the Banners of virtue unfurled,
And while the Glaſs paſſes, the Toaſt it ſhall be,
Thomas Paine and Man s Rights—Man's Rights thro' the World.

'Twas his *Common Senſe* on America's coaſt,
To emancipate Millions began;
From hence to France traverſ'd fair Liberty's hoſt,
And the Globe thunder'd loud Rights of Man:
His bright *Age of Reaſon* reſplendently blazed,
Then from Earth Superſtition was hurl'd;
And awaken'd from Error, the Nations huzza'd,
Thomas Paine, and Man's Rights—Man's Rights thro' the world.

Still promotive of good, and deſirous alone,
Man's lot through all ſpace to amend;

To the weak and the wicked, the hovel and throne,
Behold him a ſtill faithful friend:
For but lower the one, and the other up-raiſe,
From both behold miſery hurl'd;
And the ſplendid and vicious will ſoon learn to praiſe
Thomas Paine, and Man's Rights—Man's Rights thro' the world.

If new Teſtament doctrines have value at all,
And it's precepts are uſeful and wiſe;
Our Paine's plan for good, but with Truth cannot fall,
And will triumph o'er error and lies:
So may all men be happy, be wiſe, and be free,
And Equality's flag be unfurl'd;
For fools and knaves gone—The toaſt then will be,
Thomas Paine, and Man's Rights—Man's Rights thro' the world.

SONG.

Tune—"*For England when with fav'ring gales.*"

OF ſpeeches *long* let others prate,
Applauding *volumes*, ſung or ſaid,
Such *prolix ſtuff* I always hate,
From the *foul heart* or the *weak head*.
I value more the charm that lies
In *words*, when utter'd by the *wiſe*,
As in the word *Not!*

When despots, minions *days* employ'd
Justice and *Right* to do away,
How all good men were overjoy'd
That *Hardy* was not made their prey,
We saw the value then that lies
In *words*, when utter'd by the *wise*,
As in the word *Not*!

On *four and twenty* letters still
Let *fools* and *knaves* the *changes ring*,
From swinish *Burke* to prating *Bill*;
The praise of *words well pleas'd*, I sing,
And sacred hold the charm that lies
In *words*, when utter'd by the *wise*,
As in the word *Not*!

When wicked miscreants dare combine
To violate the *Rights of Man*,
May Freedom's sons crush their design,
And counteract each slavish plan,
Swearing with *heart* and *hand* to rise,
And join the good, the great, the wise,
To say the word *Not*!

EXTEMPORE

On the excluding Strangers from the house of Lords and Commons.

THANK GOD! the wicked prating elves,
Have now their *nonsense* to THEMSELVES!

IMPROMPTU.

FROM Treaſon take away the T,
Its proper meaning, then you'll ſee!

IMPROMPTU.

FROM Majeſty pray take the firſt and laſt letter,
And the Title you'll ſee, much improv'd for the better.

IMPROMPTU,
TO THOMAS PAINE.

WHILST railing Foes, who *know thee not*,
Employ their Tongues in vain:
Who *no one* Virtue having got,
Love *others* to defame
Whilſt *Princes, Judges, Biſhops, Peers*,
Thy *head* and *heart* condemn;
Thou art, *my Friend!* it plain appears,
A GOD *compar'd to them.*

EXTEMPORE.

ACROSTIC.

P URE are the maxims flowing from thy pen,
A nd future, times will hail *thee* firſt of men.
I n Talents *every* walk, *ſublime* or *gay*,
N *ervous* and *clear* 'tis thine to lead the way,
E ach truth *elucidate*, or Grace *diſplay*.

SHORT QUESTIONS,

Shortly Anſwered.

What are KINGS?—mankind's curſe,
Heaven could hardly ſend a worſe.
What are *Courts!*—the delegates,
From loweſt hell's infernal ſtates.
What LAW, and its *Adminiſtrators*,
The Devil's agents, and abettors.
What *Church* and *State!*—the very pair,
Whence miſery ſprings, and all our care.
Which is the way to make things *better*,
Abide by ſacred *Truth*, and *follow nature*.
Reaſon, and think, with PAINE, *adopt his plan*,
Then to be bleſt, will be—to be a Man!

EPITAPH

On the *Right Hon. W. Pitt*, Prime Minister of England.

HERE rests his head, who baniſh'd *Gold* afar.
Who strove through life each wickedneſs to do;
And yet he was man's *beacon*, *warning* ſtar,
And brought about the happy, good, and true,

No farther ſeek his character to know;
A true *effective Democrat* was he;
And, while he aim'd the RIGHTS OF MAN a blow,
He call'd up *Truth*, and made the Nations free.

IMPROMPTU

On the Duke of BEDFORD's Motion in the Houſe of Lords for the diſmiſal of Ministers.

WHEN *Bedford*, brings his motion forth,
And ſays the *Miniſtry* muſt go;
Becauſe they are the Men on Earth,
Beſt form'd, to work the nation's woe.

When *Grenville* in reply, declares,
That *opposition* men won't do,
To guide the helm of state affairs,
By GOD!—*they both of them speak true!*

---

1 THE pride of courts, and power of kings,
2 I prize above all earthly things:
3 I love my country, but the king;
4 Before all men his praise I'll sing:
5 The royal banners are displayed,
6 And may success the Standard aid.

1 I'd gladly banish far from hence,
2 The Rights of Man, and Common Sense.
3 Destruction to his hateful reign,
4 That scourge to princes, Thomas Paine.
5 Perdition seize the wicked cause
6 Of France, her Liberty, and Laws.

3 JU 53

FINIS.